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T A B B Y



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T A B B Y *R*

TO

P I N D A R.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AND

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M,DCC,XC.

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AND

WILLIAM BENTLEY, 10, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

MDCCLXX

TABBY to PINDAR.

HAIL! happy! happy! Bard, whose faithful muse
Doth ne'er when you invoke, her aid refuse;
Oh would she once but deign to smile on me,
Such strange Epistles then the world should see,
Like thine they'd make each wondering reader stare,
And prove the writer to be quite a Bear.

But ah unnotic'd and unknown I stand
No reader's, patron, praise, nor pence command;
Yet to the world methinks I'd have it known,
Few cases have been harder than my own.

Nine gossips I know who to friendship lay claim,
 And flatter me often with riches and fame ;
 Seduc'd by their council I've ventur'd to write,
 And thought that the World in my Works would delight ;
 With Epistles and Odes I've long try'd each friend,
 Who had patience enough to such trash to attend ;
 And if they'd not patience I seldom was near
 To see my productions receiv'd with a sneer.

Dame Fortune at first these trifles convey'd
 And then to their merit due defference was paid,
 The rhyming was just, the reas'ning was good,
 And each inuendo at once understood ;
 But soon she grew tired of bearing my letters,
 And play'd me a trick she has oft play'd my betters ;
 When half up her wheel, she threw me quite down,
 And used me like one she never had known.

Rejected by her, to print I attempted,
 But ah, my good sir, too soon I repented,

And yet, like yourself I had some pretensions,
 To claim from the public a little attention :
 Imprimis, I once had endeavour'd to rise
 By means which I now affect to despise,
 And when I found out that at Court 'twould not do,
 Why then I went off to the popular crew ;
 But having not interest, nor vote for to bring
 I far'd just the same with patriot and * * * * .
 'Tis true no party could call me their slave,
 For no party on earth my service would have,
 Thus free from engagement, with nothing to do,
 I laughed in turn at Pasquin and you ;
 For though I would fain have snatch'd a small sprig
 Of that wreath which so amply entwines round your wig,
 Yet hirelings I hate—Incendiaries I scorn,
 And the censure of all men is not to be borne.

In the second place, fir, I wanted to eat,
 And thought that no method could be more compleat,
 If money I got I could buy myself bread,
 And poets you know have a wish to be fed,

A Reason

A Reason in nature much stronger to find
Would puzzle the depth of a Pindaric mind.

This reason remaining, I think it no harm
To try at your fire my fingers to warm;
And if with your works I should play the deuce
'Tis but the same thing that you've done by Bruce.

Alas! poor Bruce, with plenitude of Fame,
With learned labours and respected name,
Though bent beneath the weight of fourscore years,
Feels his heart pant with strange unusual fears;
At Pindar's awful name he trembling stands,
And deprecates thy wrath with lifted hands;
Adown his furrow'd cheek the tear descends,
And on his feeble knee the suppliant bends.

Oh spare me, Peter, pray in pity spare,
My life's pursuit, my fondest tenderest care,

Refuse

Refuse me not one little leaf of Bay,
 For you can wear a Garland every day;
 But I you know o'er half the world have run
 For one poor leaf, and shall be quite undone,
 If you disown my poor, my humble claim;
 Ah, let me, let me have a little Fame.
 The rest be thine the reverend mourner cries,
 Then on thy Poem turns his weeping eyes;

With trembling hand the threatening page he spreads,
 Pauses awhile, and then reluctant reads:
 His num'rous weeping Friends around him press,
 All pity and all share in his distress.
 A scene more direful ne'er these eyes beheld,
 One hand thy book, and one his glaffes fill'd;
 Fear shook his nerves, and thrill'd through ev'ry limb;
 The glaffes, wet with many a tear, grew dim:
 At length with fault'ring voice the Laird began,
 To read thy works, thou wond'rous witty man.

B

The

The dedication read, he wipes his eyes,
Revives ev'ry line, and murmuring cries:

- “ What can I do, was ever such a thing,
“ As thus to lash my duty to my King?
“ Pray master Peter, let me ask if you,
“ Do not this very self same course pursue?
“ For when you rail at Pitt, Rose, and Thurlow,
“ Don't you and I, and all the world know
“ You only mean obliquely to imply,
“ That all merit on the other side doth lie;
“ That Portland, Loughborough, Guildford and Fox,
“ Are Politicians sage, and orthodox;
“ Yet were these men in place, I do believe,
“ You would to them the self same treatment give;
“ For such a knack of scribbling, you have got,
“ 'Tis as habitual as scratching to a Scott.

- “ And when you write you rail, that's nat'ral too,
“ And who the force of nature can subdue?

" But had your candour spar'd my storied page,
 " And shewn some little pity to my age,
 " My children's children, would have blest thy name,
 " And I enjoy'd my profits and my fame;
 " Blasted by thee, both fame and profits fail,
 " For what against thy judgment can prevail?
 " Say what to me avails the smile of Kings,
 " The Literati's praise, and such like things?
 " Your smile to me had been the greater treasure,
 " And fill'd my bosom with serenest pleasure.
 " Then oh, dread Sir, forgive, I own my crime
 " And will atone my fault another time;
 " If you'll but deign to save this publication,
 " 'To you I'll make each future dedication;
 " What Critic then will dare me to attack
 " Or can I fear, with Pindar at my back,
 " Fool that I was not to entreat your favour
 " To save from ruin this my poor endeavour.

Here paus'd the Laird, deep anguish shook his mind,
 Inly he groan'd, and at his fate repin'd:

With tend'rest care his friends advice to sleep
 His troubled senses in the balm of sleep,
 Vainly he tried his aching eyes to close
 To his pain'd sense thy dreaded censure rose.

As some poor wretch condemn'd at noon to die,
 Sends forth all night his lamentable cry;
 In ev'ry passing foot the Hangman hears,
 And half destroys himself with grief and fears.

So Bruce all night oppress'd with anguish lay
 But slowly rising at the dawn of day;
 Resolves the fatal volume to explore,
 And turns the mighty page of horror o'er;
 Wond'ring he reads, and sees at every line
 Some cherish'd hope some bud of Fame decline;
 His pulse beat high, his tortur'd bosom burns,
 But then the thun'dring diarrhoea returns
 Thy works alone could such effect produce,
 At once destroy and save the health of Bruce.

But

But thou, indeed, in ev'ry light the same,
 Art still a wond'rous thing without a name;
 Not e'en Buffon, thy species could define,
 Thou, more than mortal, but scarce yet divine,
 For such superior pow'rs you possess,
 Not quite a Deity you're little less.

For what mere mortal yet could ever trace,
 The unseen wonders, of each unseen race,
 To travell'd knowledge flatly give the lie,
 And what he can't conceive at once deny;
 Each deposition and each tale disputes,
 And without any argument confutes;
 But thou more sapient than thy kind hast shewn,
 That thou canst aptly judge of things unknown;
 And judging thus we must allow the wise,
 As in such things thy only judgment lies.

With Fox, and Burke, you talk of Europe's wars
 With Banks you soar from insects to the stars,

On

On ev'ry Artist's works you write your stricture,
 Yet scarce discern a pigstye, from a picture,
 When scandal wakes your muse, you burn to write,
 And still in tales of calumny delight.

Now should we trace your life, survey each scene,
 And try your claim to popular esteem ;
 Ask your own heart, say could it stand the test,
 Nor with one anxious thought disturb thy breast.

If it could, then sacred be thy fair renown,
 Thy heart's applause is better than a crown ;
 For crowns, like other trifles, only please,
 Where view'd at distance, or where worn with ease,
 But a pure conscience which no guilt annoys,
 Sheds o'er the foul unutterable joys ;
 Let that be thine, but then with candour use,
 Nor blast the efforts of each kindred muse ;

Fame

Fame like the sun with bright diurnal ray,
 Does round the world, her glorious beam display;
 To no one climate are those beams confin'd,
 But shed to gladden and delight mankind,
 Inspir'd by her we scorn each sordid mean,
 Each envious, and each despicable scheme.

Then never found an edifice to Fame
 On the vile basis of thy neighbour's shame.

You rest, 'tis true, behind a shield of satire,
 So in his close sedan some petite maitre;
 When noisy pugilists infringe the peace,
 Securely sees the despots fury increase;
 Safely he sees the combatants engage,
 Laughs at their menace, and defies their rage.

I hate with you the verse where ev'ry line
 Ends in some low, unmeaning doggrel rhyme;
 Or, where eternal plaudits swell the song,
 Dragg'd in dull spondees heavily along.

As

As thus, I think, great Sir, by Heav'n 'tis true,
 The world ne'er saw a Minister like you,
 So young, so wise, so able to command,
 At once the pride and bulwark of the land,
 Then, warm with all, a modern Patriot's fire,
 To Burke and Liberty attune the lyre,
 Panegyrics such as these disgrace the muse,
 Unlike the man whose steadfast mind pursues
 One sacred course, and to his country true,
 For ever keeps her interest in view,
 Whose mind expanded, loyal, gen'rous, brave,
 Foe to no party, to no sect a slave;
 With eye unjaundiced, views the man in place,
 Nor flies the virtuous few though in disgrace:
 Who, though from councils, courts, and kings remov'd,
 Are still respected, honour'd, and approv'd;
 Sacred to such, the mead of honest praise,
 The muse's tribute, and her purest lays.

And

And satire when vice provokes the scourge,
 Or pride or folly does its vengeance urge;
 Is just, is noble, and will oft reclaim
 All but the proud, the ignorant, and vain;
 Who weak and obstinate pursue their way,
 Undmindful still of what you write or say:

Not so the traveller-Laird, his wounded breast
 Felt keenest pangs by stern reproof impress;
 "What now avails my boasted fame, he cried,
 "Of travellers no more is Bruce—the pride
 "No more my storied page shall yield delight,
 "Beguile the sultry day, or wintry night;
 "Fool that I was, to dare to trust my page,
 "To Pindar's eye, and not his voice engage;
 "Had he revis'd the work, that piercing eye,
 "Which now in ev'ry tale has found a lie,
 "With nice discernment had the work survey'd,
 "And happy I had his advice obey'd;
 "Held him just Umpire of each distant scene,
 "Where'er he had, or where he had not been;

C

"The

" The vulgar herd indeed can judge alone,
 " Of the few objects they have seen and known;
 " But heaven to him, has given a mind
 " Judicious, active, bold, and unconfin'd;
 " Nor time, nor distance, can its power impede
 " Secure in ev'ry effort to succeed;
 " Thus highly priviledg'd, he gains at home
 " The knowledge for which I was forc'd to roam;
 " Each country's customs, and its laws he knows,
 " Can mark the course through which each river flows;
 " Pity such parts as his should be neglected,
 " Left unemploy'd and not by power respected;
 " Oh send him, Chatham, for thy Country's good,
 " To cross the sea, and find the Longitude;
 " Nor doubt success, the measure cannot fail,
 " His genius will in all attempts prevail.

" Or thou, oh Cæsar, to the Nations kind,
 " Let to his care their interests be consign'd;

" For

" For who so fit the helm of state to guide,
 " As he who can on things unknown decide ;
 " No needless messenger would then be sent,
 " Week after week, to scour the continent ;
 " No useless fleets of observation keep,
 " At such expence their station on the deep ;
 " No standing armies to protect the land,
 " No loan he'll want, nor no supplies demand,
 " His happy Genius will all wants supply,
 " And guard the Nation with a single eye.
 " On this fair prospect let my senses rest,
 " And be in fond anticipation blest ;
 " Hear the glad news, ye lands, exulting hear,
 " Pindar is Minister, he rules the sphere ;
 " Pindar the favour'd delegate of fate,
 " He rules the Nations governs every state ;
 " Ev'n my Sittinia shall his will obey,
 " And distant Abyssinia own his sway ;
 " The Nile, itself proud of his name, shall glide,
 " And from a nobler fountain pour its tide.

" At home a general reform shall rise,
 " And all shall be more virtuous and more wise ;
 " For him the muse shall sing, each art combine,
 " With science for his brow a wreath to twine ;
 " Chamber's himself, inform'd by him, shall rear
 " A splendid fane which shall outlast the sphere ;
 " On some fair scite the noble dome shall stand
 " Where gently rising o'er the neighbouring land ;
 " The swelling ground commands the verdant plain
 " And a tall grove the Borean blasts restrain,
 " Still upward rising shall the hill ascend,
 " Here let the temple its fair front extend.

" With Doric pillars, in nice order plac'd,
 " Let the bold portico be nobly grac'd ;
 " The hall with tessellated marble laid
 " The light through ample apertures convey'd ;
 " And on the space between some artist's skill,
 " If one there be who can the task fulfil ;

Shall

" Shall to the eye, thy life's adventure spread,
 " First clust'ring vines shall crown thy youthful head;
 " Next cringing in a Court, and then a railing
 " Both Satire, and panegyric failing;
 " Nor shall the grateful artist's care forget,
 " Kearnly, with broad black brow, and short thick neck,
 " Whose hearing sense, weaken'd by age, could bear
 " Ceaseless invectives thund'ring in his ear".

Still more our praise and wonder to command,
 In the grand area shall thy statue stand;
 On a fair pedestal thy form shall rest
 Whose sculptur'd record shall thy work attest;
 Nor time, nor envy, shall the lay efface,
 Which points thy merits to the rising race.

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIPTION FOR THE STATUE OF
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

SEE Pindar's form reveal'd to fight,
By disappointment urg'd to write;
With reasoning strong, with satire keen,
A deal of wit—much more of spleen;
Still fond of stories strange and new,
But ne'er selecting false from true;
Well pleas'd whene'er he found a tale,
At which with Kearsley he could rail,
Alike at Statesman, Artist, King,
Priest, Lawyer, Doctor, any thing;
His bold invidious shaft he threw
But ne'er the bliss of friendship knew;
Flatter'd, through fear, with caution read,
Living unlov'd unmourn'd when dead.

F I N I S.



